

MAGIC WASHING STICK

Madam! You Certainly Will Never Wash Clothes the Old Way Again If You Try This

After your very first experience with Magic Washing Stick you will look back on the old way as a relic of an unhappy past. Instead of rubbing and rubbing till your fingers are sore, your hands withered and your back aching, you have just two light tasks to do—simply boil—rinse—and leisure begins. Won't you try it just once? It can't cost you a cent if it fails.

Pure Natural Oils—Harmless and Gentle

Magic Washing Stick can't harm the faintest fabric, for it gently dissolves the dirt without a jolt. The pure, natural oils open the fabric texture and make the dirt let loose. Positively free from acids, caustics, lye or any harsh, injurious ingredients.

If It Doesn't Do All We Say It Will Just Tell the Grocer and Get Your Money

There are "washing powders" and patent soaps and new fangled preparations without end—good, bad and indifferent. But there is only one Magic Washing Stick—only one thing that will wash clothes without rubbing and without harming. Remember you get your quarter back the minute you decide it isn't the greatest labor, clothes and time saver you ever used.

Just Give It One Trial and You'll be Glad

No matter what you've used and found lacking—no matter how skeptical you may be now—just try Magic Washing Stick once. You'll thank the day forevermore. Try it—just once.

THE WILLIAMSON-HALSELL-FRASIER CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Shawnee, Chickasha,
Altus, Elk City, Oklahoma Distributors.

Positively Eliminates All Rubbing and Hard Work

Banish that old washboard or washing machine clear out of your sight. Rise up in righteous wrath and renounce the old, back-breaking, skin-withering, soul-trying method of washing. You'll never have to rub again. Magic Washing Stick saves all the wear, tear and grind on your clothes—saves you from any hard work whatever.



**3 BIG STICKS
13 WASHINGS
25¢**



IT'S THE STICK THAT DOES THE TRICK

AN EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE.

Busby's Minstrels played to a crowded tent last night. They were by far the best minstrels that ever visited the city under canvas. They have an excellent performance, especially the dancing, while the old time minstrel performance and songs delighted the audience. The carry a fine band and are a tuneful, musical, talented crowd. —Yates Center Advocate. At Chickasha, Friday, November 12.

Food for Cattle.

A contribution to the old question of using prickly pear (*Opuntia*) as food for cattle takes the form of a bulletin of the department of agriculture of Bombay. The author describes experiments at the government dairy at Kirdee, in which six bullocks were fed with a mixture of 100 parts of prickly pear to six parts of cottonseed at the rate of 72 pounds to each 1,000 pounds live weight a day during six months. The spines, which form the danger in feeding prickly pear, were burned off over a stove, after which the fodder was cut into small pieces by means of a chaff cutter or a chopper. This experiment and others proved that a mixture of prickly pear and cottonseed will not only support life, but will restore half-starved animals to a good condition.

Woolen Shroud Compulsory.

It used to be compulsory in England that the dead should be buried in woolen shrouds. This law was introduced in order to encourage the manufacture of woolen cloth within the kingdom.

Piano Records.

To enable an owner of a player piano to make his own records, an Ohio inventor has perfected a simple machine which allows such work to be done rapidly in the home by anyone who is at all familiar with music. The device not only lessens the cost of a record, but also makes it possible to obtain exactly what is wanted, since it is within the power of the operator to set a selection in whatever key he wishes when perforating a roll. The device consists essentially of a punching instrument that slides along a scale, so divided as to correspond with the apertures in the tracker board of the player piano, and cuts slots of the required lengths. The roll of blank paper is inserted at the back of the machine and fed across a platen plate. Guiding members at each side and grips at the ends serve to track the paper properly and prevent it from wrinkling. As the punching is done the paper is moved forward and wound on a roll at the front of the machine.

Imitation Good and Bad.

The instinct to imitate is, like most other instincts, highly serviceable. But it has to be kept under control. Before we yield to it we ought to be sure that what we imitate is good. One of the most pitiful things in the world is to see people imitating what is unworthy under the impression that such imitation seems creditable.

Little to Worry About.

Investigation by the geological survey of the erosion of drainage basins proves that the surface of the country is being worn away at the rate of about an inch in 760 years.

Cold Criticism.

"You will admit that Mrs. Plano has a lovely disposition?" "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "She realizes that she isn't handsome enough to be able to get on without one."

Had Taken Some Time.

Editor—"Miss Oldgirl says she has just reached the marriageable age." Marie—"You don't say. I wonder what delayed her."—Boston Transcript.

Fish Lack Brains.

If fishes knew enough to live in the ground instead of the water they could get all the worms they wanted without hooks in them.

Worth While Quotation.

Wealth cannot purchase any great private solace or convenience. Riches are only the means of sociality.—Henry D. Thoreau.

Daily Thought.

Gentle words, quiet words, are, after all, the most powerful words. They are more convincing, more compelling, more prevailing.—W. Gladstone.

German Honey.

It is said that Germany produces more honey than any other European country. She furnishes 20,000 tons annually.

Consider Value of Time.

But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

Miss Naomi Gallimore, who has been trimming at the Bon Ton, leaves today for her home in Kansas City, Mo.

Again we must remind our friends that we positively will not accept "want," "rent" and "sale" ads by phone. Do not embarrass us by asking us to do so. DAILY EXPRESS. 10-8-11

TEN FIRE PREVENTION COMMANDMENTS.

The Safety First Federation of America Framed Them. It Knows!

1. Don't permit children to play with matches.
2. Don't throw away lighted matches, cigars or cigarettes.
3. Don't use naphtha or benzine in the home. (A pint makes 200 feet of explosive vapor.)
4. Don't block the fire escapes; you may need them yourself, quick.
5. Don't put ashes in wooden boxes or barrels.
6. Don't permit accumulations of rubbish.
7. Don't have lace curtains or draperies near open lights.
8. Don't fill kerosene lamps or lanterns after dark.
9. Don't permit matches to be kept except in a closed metal box.
10. Don't forget to call for the fire department first thing and to have some extinguishing apparatus.

MARJORIE'S VACATION

By LOUISE OLIVER.

Marjorie looked up at the blue sky between the housetops and sighed ecstatically, "Oh, for the country!"

"I must start right away to save for my vacation! Two months without lunch and walking home in the evening will help. Besides, I think I'm safe now in asking old Mr. Dodge for a raise of \$5 a month."

She got up and went to the door of the office marked "Private."

A masculine voice called "Come in!" to her knock.

Mr. Dodge was not there. In his place at the desk was a young man in outing clothes. Marjorie decided he must be a son of her employer. There was a resemblance—yet a difference. In the gray eyes was an expression that made Marjorie smile involuntarily.

"I thought Mr. Dodge, Sr., was here," said Marjorie simply, turning to go.

"Well, if you knew me better, I am sure you wouldn't waste time talking to the old man." The twinkle in his eyes deepened.

Marjorie flushed, yet she couldn't help another smile.

"If I thought you had the family pocketbook, I might have a preference," she returned. "I'm after money!"

"What! You, too! Poor pops! So am I!"

"I—perhaps I had better not wait. I think I'll come again."

"I say, Miss Brown," he pleaded, "don't go. I'll slip out myself and leave you a clear track. Good afternoon. I wish you luck." And before Marjorie could stop him he was gone.

But Dodge, Sr., had eaten lobster for his lunch and it was troubling him. Marjorie met an emphatic refusal. However, the following morning a folded typewritten letter on her desk brought an excited flush to her cheeks. Silas Dodge repented of his hastiness and would give her not five but ten dollars a month in addition to her regular salary.

Two months passed. It was late September. Marjorie, by marshaling every cent she could spare, counted enough for her trip. Everything was ready but a few unfinished letters at the office. It was Saturday afternoon, a half holiday. The outer office was empty when she went in, but she heard voices in the private office beyond.

"What do you mean by giving Stewart ten dollars every payday to put in Miss Brown's envelope?"

"I mean—" spoke up the voice of Silas Dodge, Jr., "that you underpay your employees. The girl honestly earns more than she's getting."

"But why should you undertake to pay her? If you would quit spending my money and make a living for yourself, perhaps I could afford to pay more to others."

"You won't have to give me any more money, dad. I have been working. I earned that money myself. Moreover, I have a splendid chance in the country to demonstrate my knowledge of scientific farming. I leave today."

Marjorie rose. She took \$20 out of her purse and knocked at the office door. It was only the matter of an instant or two for her to lay the money on the desk before the two astonished men and go out.

She went home and unpacked her trunk, counted the little money she had left and did some hard thinking. The two weeks ahead were hers. Why should she stay in a baking hot city when the whole green world stretched wide around her? She was a good walker and she could pay for simple meals at farmhouses on her way.

Therefore, dressed in a plain linen suit and carrying a very light grip, Marjorie started forth on her travels.

One afternoon, as it was warm, she halted under a big oak tree near a cool little stream. For a while she read and munched at a stick of candy she had bought at a country store. But she got very drowsy, and, making a pillow of moss, she was soon asleep.

When she opened her eyes she smelled tobacco smoke. It came from the other side of her tree. Moreover, a smart little fire was burning near her and she smelled bacon frying. She sniffed enviously.

"I hope you feel better," said a voice around the tree. It was oddly familiar. Then she knew.

At first she frowned; then she smiled.

"I do, thank you."

"That's good," came the voice. "Will you have some supper?"

"If you'll only come around and let me see my host."

Silas Dodge, Jr., came around.

"Then you don't bear any grudge?"

"For being kind to me? No!"

"You're a good sport, Miss Brown. I knew you'd understand."

"Thank you. But isn't the bacon burning?" anxiously.

He jumped for the pan. "No, just right. Do you like bacon?"

"Love it."

Silas Junior sighed. "I wish I were a pan of fried bacon."

Marjorie laughed in spite of herself.

"Why silly? I love you. I may as well tell you now as in six months from now. If I'm very good and work hard, do you think you could ever care a little?"

"I—I might try," confessed Marjorie.

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THE Big Scoop 'Em Out Sale!

'A GOING SOME

The knife is still in deep. Drop your work. Drop all other engagements.

COME!

Terrell Bros.
OUTFITTERS FOR MEN & BOYS

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Hours open, from 1 to 9 o'clock p. m. Sundays, 3 to 5 o'clock p. m. Phone 1124.

Barstow—Famous Buildings.

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Bryant—Pictures and Their Painters.

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Carpenter—Hellenic Tales.

Carpenter—How the World is Fed.

Cummings—Hud of Homer.

Coe—Founders of Our Country.

Crommelin—Famous Legends.

Canfield—The Boys of Rincón Ranch.

Grahame—The Golden Age.

Greene & Rirke—Heroes of Chivalry.

Guerber—Story of Modern France.

Guerber—Legends of the Rhine.

Goodyear—History of Art.

Hasbrouck—The Boys' Parkman.

Hall—Men of Old Greece.

Jenks—In the Days of Soot.

Jenks—In the Days of Milton.

Jenks—In the Days of Chaucer.

Jenks—In the Days of Shakespeare.

Jenks—In the Days of Goldsmith.

Lincoln—The Festival Book.

Lummis—Some Strange Corners of Our Country.

Martin & Davis—Firebrands.

Macdonald—Shakespeare Book.

Seton—Biography of a Grizzly.

Finley—Practical and Artistic Basketry.

Coe, Fanny E.—Louisa Alcott Story Book.

True, John Preston—The Iron Star.

Alcott, Louisa M.—Louisa Alcott Reader.

Hasbrouck, Louise S.—The Boys' Parkman.

Martin & Davis—Firebrands.

Blaisdell—Polly and Dolly.

Blaisdell—Tommy Tinklers' Book.

McDonald—Colette in France.

McDonald—Gerda in Sweden.

McDonald—Fritz in Germany.

McDonald—Bous in Russia.

McDonald—Betty in Canada.

McDonald—Josepa in Spain.

McDonald—Donald in Scotland.

McDonald—Hassan in Egypt.

McDonald—Marta in Holland.

HOW TO PREVENT COUGHS.

It may be a surprise to you to learn that in many cases cough can be prevented. Mrs. H. M. Johns, Elida, Ohio, relates her experiences as follows: "My little boy is subject to cough. During the past winter I kept a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, and when he began having that cough I would give him one or two doses of it and it would break the attack. I like it better for children than any other cough medicine because children take it willingly, and it is safe and reliable." Obtainable everywhere. d&w

Subscribe for the Daily Express.

Gen. Joffre Eats Snails With Soldiers "Incog"

(By WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS.)
(U. P. staff correspondent.)

PARIS, Oct. 12.—(By mail.)—General Joseph Joffre, French commander-in-chief, sometimes lays aside his uniform and goes incognito among his soldiers in the clothes of a citizen.

Joffre wishes first-hand information as to how his men are faring, whether they are satisfied with their lot; if their food is all right and their digestion O. K.

An inhabitant of Rivesaltes, Joffre's birthplace down on the Spanish border, vouches for the truth of the story. His son tells in a letter, just received.

Fresh from the trenches, the soldier said, he and his two friends were off duty back of the lines. Relatives had sent them 200 snails and these they prepared with Spanish peppers and other strong spices. As they began to eat a motor car drew up and stopped. Three or four men in civilian attire got out. One of these came over to the snail eaters.

"What are you doing there?" the stranger asked.

"Eating snails, as you can see for yourself," one of the soldiers replied in the off-hand way soldiers have with "civils," adding: "If you like, you might taste them."

"I won't say no to that!" exclaimed the mysterious visitor. He also "garnished" wine in a way to make jealous the purest of the Catalans.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get it?"

"From a little place you never heard of," he was told. "From Rivesaltes."

"From Rivesaltes?" the stranger exclaimed. "Do you come from Rivesaltes?" "I do."

"What's your name?" the Rivesaltesian asked.

than told.

"Your father lives in the third house from the end of the main road entering the village from the south, doesn't he?"

"He does, sir; but how did you know?" the young soldier was greatly surprised. The stranger chuckled.

"The first time you wrote home," he said, "just tell your mother and father that General Joffre sends them his regards."

The three soldiers sprang to their feet and came to a rigid salute.

COLDS DO NOT LEAVE WILLINGLY.

Because a cold is stubborn is no reason why you should be. Instead of "wearing" it out, get sure relief by taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Dangerous bronchial and lung ailments often follow a cold which has been neglected at the beginning. As your body faithfully battles those cold germs, no better aid can be given than the use of this remedy. Its merit has been tested by old and young. Get a bottle today. 50c and \$1.00, d&w

Fish Killed by Lightning.

There are cases on record of lightning flashes striking the surface of ponds, lakes and rivers, and killing quantities of fish.

Benefits of Deep Breathing.

A strong advocate of deep breathing says that by its practice she cured herself of nervous headache, neuralgia in the face, stiffness from overwork, indigestion, cold in the head and insomnia, not having had the expense of a physician for two years, and not having touched a drop of medicine for 13 months.

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
Baking Powder
Sixty Years the Standard
NO ALUM



A biscuit like this—light, short (but not "greasy" short), tasting of nothing but the flour, skill and goodness you've put into it—that's what you like, isn't it? It's no miracle that makes it so good, but the know-how and Crusto.

A step higher than lard—at no greater cost; a price lower than cooking butter—and better for the purpose.

Eat a Crusto biscuit and you'll try Crusto from cover to cover through the cook book—with success.



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AS SERVED AT
THE RICE HOTEL
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AT ALL GROCERS
COMER IN TIGHT TINS, 3 SIZES—
2 Lb., 1 Lb., 50c., 10c. or 5c.